21st Jan: 1922

Hogarth House
Richmond.

My dear Morgan,

It was a great pleasure to get your letter. I met Goldie at Dinner & I say "I've just had a letter from Morgan" "Ah, what wonderful letters he writes!" says Goldie. Clive, Maynard, who are the other guests at table, feel jealous, as I intended they should. Does their present Bloomsbury with sufficient force? Two days later I was stricken with the influenza, & here I am, a fortnight later, still in bed, though privileged to take a stroll in the sun, for half an hour, after lunch. But its not going to be sunny to day. Writing is still like hearing tricks over a walk; so you must interpret with your usual sympathy. I should like to growl to you about all this damned lying in bed & doing nothing, & getting up & writing half a page & going to bed again. I've wasted 5 whole years (I count) doing it; so you must call me 35 - not 40 - & expect rather less from me. Not that I haven't picked up something from my incarcerations & all the rest. Indeed, I suspect they've

done instead of relishing. But this is a difficult point. I've not
much news. Lucas dined here with Topsy Jones, his wife, &
brought a play: & I peep between the edges, & see it won't do.
Then Luce dines here tomorrow; & we are to bring out a new
Edition of his poems - I don't know him, but feel like his Grandmother
twice removed. Bob dined here - oh & Bob was delicious!
He has two white tufts above his ears like rabbit ears; & his
dear old mahogany face is alternately pig like - hungry
greedy - grunting - & divine. His love for the Duchess (this is
Gordon Square gossip) has subdued & softened him, & he is having
his arteries vivified in order to write more poetry & cut his
nails, as usual, manuscripts - in fact he was trusting off to
see a new publisher. We praised you. (I'm ashamed to
put in these little compliments, for you will only say to
yourself how Virginia likes praise — but it can't be helped)
As for our other friends, Sydney is attached, in a trailing
sort of way, to an Irish man called Sullivan, who is, this
time, the authentic voice of God. I'm all for letting
them marry, & even bowed before Sullivan merely the other
night, hypocritically, for I didn't think much of him - too
black & hairy & singular for my taste: but I do want
Sydney to settle down.

Every one is reading Proust. I sit silent & hear
their reports. It seems to be a tremendous experience, but
I'm shivering on the brink, & waiting to be submerged
with a horrid sort of notion that I shall go down -
down & down & perhaps never come up again. Otherwise

We are where we were.

I've now come to the point of this letter – which is this. Leonard & I are going to Italy about March 20th. Would there by any chance of meeting you there? Where? you ask. Well, it might be practically anywhere – Rome, Sicily, Greece (that not Italy I know) – Anyhow, do think it over. – Inform us in time. We should like it very much. I liked your mother very much. But it was rather a tragedy. She had prepared, I should say for some days, a wonderful dinner; & all the family silver was out. The maid (who shared us across Monument Green in the dark crying Mr Woolf! Mr Woolf!) had a new apron on. There was coffee, & boys of dates. Well, all this had to be swallowed in 10 minutes. Perhaps though I am wrong about the silver & the apron. That may be your ordinary style. Please forgive me, if so. What fun it would be to go into the matter with you at this moment – or on the Slopes of the Parthenon!

Here is Leonard: here is the Nation.

"Too Late in India?" occurs on the front page in the largest letters. Yes, I think it must be you. The necktie & the grammar I seem to recognise. Anyhow I've had a good laugh. I wish our Indian correspondent wrote more as the Nation. But I won't bother you about your writing.

Leonard wishes me to say that he knows no one of any interest in Egypt. (I knew the widow of Lord Cromer). Its rays things are pretty black. He has to write a monthly article in the Contemporary; & he also writes for the Webbs, for the Nation, for the Herald, for the Statesman — in short he is belonging, not rapidly, but what alarms me more, solidly, one of our public men. God knows — he may be Member for 7 Universities next month.

So good bye, & write to me again.

I am feeling ever so much better since beginning this letter -

Yours

Virginia

HAMILL 1/30/69

Monks House
Rodmell Jan 3rd
1930

My dear Morgan,

Many thanks for your letter. I think the only thing to do is to leave it entirely to Stock — they are very critical & have turned down several translators, & do for Vera to give Marion the preference over others. I never caught the Frenchman's name — somebody in the city, a friend of William Plomer's. His worst was, having been to a lecture on Maurois, that he talked bad French, had a bad accent, & was not on the strength of the lecture, intelligent. The other frogs were some of Clive's friends in Paris who remarked how well Mr Dalloway was translated compared with the Passage, which they happened to find very bad: but who they were I dont know. Raymond; Evidence was of the same kind. Why, I wonder, I this hostility to Marion in Paris? Is it disinterested criticism, or is there some motive behind?

shall tell them that I have no views, I will abide by them. From their letter to me, I didn't realise that they had already commissioned Alanson.

Talking of Roseson, does anyone who would like to follow Blunden in Japan?

But there are many more interesting things to talk about than Roseson - I must leave it to you, as a man of honour, to suggest a night when the Indians are gone. We've got a nice room to you here now - it will be nice when the plaster has ceased to drip & the windows to sweat which they do by nature, the builder says for 3 months now. You won't come in February. And - bring my best collar, an' thank, - how glad I am you liked a room! I was awfully afraid you would'nt

Love from us both

G Kipping

2 of the facetious of ink.

NYPL

HAMILL 11/30/69

52 Tavistock Sqre

Sunday, 4th Jan.

My dear Morgan,

I was very glad to hear about you from Leonard. Though I'm afraid it's an awful bore waiting. Charles Mauron has just written to ask about you - We minded them when they were over, which I was sorry for, as though I always think him a formidable man - partly because of his eyes not seeing - I admire him, & have a sort of acquaintanaship now through Roger's letters. What an odd pair - Roger & Soldie! Roger always so tactile & mechanic & Soldie up in the air with Goethe. I am still plodding on - reading - but less & less able to see any end.

We have been driving solemnly round

Regents Park in the snow with Miss Crabbe. Who is she?
Well, she's our travelling clerk. Leonard is teaching
her to drive. Her great topic is the King; but
when I said I wonder he died – for the
sake of the excitement? She was shocked. I said the
understood from a man in sandals last night in a
Bloomsbury cafe that if he died there would be a
bloodless revolution. This you see is the
Bloomsbury we don't know. Miss Crabbe
found 2 bugs in her tea cake the other day,
& really had to break the tea cake – thrown
them away. Couldn't drink out of them afterwards.
I am plodding away trying to finish my book: & I gather
Aldous has finished one, also Rosamond Lehmann: but
it's yours I shall really enjoy. This is not flattery –
partly I'm so sick of fiction (my own too) partly,
after reading Edith. St John Irvine & Mr. Gibbon
just now in the Sunday Times, I long for some one
civilised. What a dirty ink pot they live in!
like Miss Crabbe's tea cups, it ought to be smashed.
I am re-binding all my Shakespeares – 29 vols – in
coloured paper. & think of them reading one of them. But
there are so many interruptions. Hoping to see you soon. –
for example, Lily & Kolfax. with both our love.

VW

NYPL

HAMILL 1/30/69

52 Tavistock Square

16th Nov.

Dear Morgan,

I'm not particuaarly inspired to repartee by your letter. But I reply:--
You say " Each sentence leads to...a casket of which the key has unfortunately been mislaid, and until you can find your bunch I shall cease to hunt very anxiously for my own"

Very well--but then I'm not writing a book about fiction. If I were, I think I should hunt a little. As a reviewer, which is all I am, it seems to me within my province to point out that both bunches are lost.

I agree that Tolstoi "vitalises the guillotine" &c. But by means of art I think; admitting that I cant define the word.

No; Percy Lubbock does'nt "altogether satisfy " me. But then I dont agree with you that he's a critic of

genius. An able and painstaking pedant I should call him; who doesnt know what art is; so, though his method of judging novels as works of art interests me, his judgments dont.

V.

The above is official & impersonal.
Unofficially & personally I'm afraid I've
hurt or annoyed you (perhaps I imagine it)
I didn't mean to. The article was cut down to-
fit the status. & the weight all fell in the wrong
place. But I'm awfully sorry if I was annoying.

NYPL

HAMILL 1/30/69

Tel: 2621 Museum.

52
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.

21st Nov.

Dear Morgan,

I'm so glad I was not annoying--only wrong. (I dont think I'm as wrong as Arnold Bennett in the Standrad, all the same.) But where we differ is I think plain from your letter. Both bunches have been lost, yo u say, "and yet we persist in reading ficion." But I dont. Nothing induces me to read a novels excpet when I have to make money by writing about it.
I detest them. They seem to me wrong from start to finish--my own included. And I suppose I wanted you to say something to explain to me why I feel this. Naturally you didnt, because you dont feel it. Youve lost your bunch; but still you go on. And I dont want to go on, either writing or reading them. This only proves I think that I am not a novelist and should not criticise them either. As for your book--its perfect I think, better than anything I could ever write; (I mean this) only it doesnt light up my own particular boggle. Never mind. It is delightful and brilliant beyond words.

I hope we shall come up for a night, and shall ask Julian to arrange about seeing you.
No; I dont care for his play either.

Yr Virginia